

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow.
I that was wash'd to death with Fullsome Wine:
Poore Clarence by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye.
To Richm. Thou off-spring of the house of Lancaster
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Live and Flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy in thy soule to morrow,
Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret: dispaire, and dye.
Gray. Thinke vpon Grey, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, dispaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in Richards Bosome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Hastings: dispaire, and dye.

Hast. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghost. Dreame on thy Cousins
Smothered in the Tower:

Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soule bids thee dispaire and dye.

Ghosts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Live, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched Anne thy Wife,
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fills thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaille, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse Sword, dispaire and dye:

Ghost to Richm. Thou quiet soule,
Sleepe thou a quiet sleepe:

Dreame of Successe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduersaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost to Rich. The fitt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The last was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaille thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltinesse.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire; dispaireing yeeld thy breath.

Ghost to Richm. I dyed for hope:
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not dismayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds side,
And Richard fall in height of all his pride.

Richard starts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horfe, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conscience! how dost thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew! It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none else by,
Richard loues Richard, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reason: why?
Left I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe speake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conscience hath a thousand seuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a seuerall Tale,
And euery Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'st Degree,
Murther, serue murther, in the dyrt'st degree,
All seuerall finnes, all vs d in each degree,
Throng all to th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I shall dispaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore should they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done salutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O Ratcliffe, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not afraid of Shadows.
King. By the Apostle Paul, shadowes to night
Haue stroke more terror to the soule of Richard,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in prooffe, and led by shallow Richmond.
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Ease-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe.

*Enter the Lords to Richmond sitting
in his Tent.*

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie sluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you slept my Lord?

Rich. The sweetest sleepe,
And fairest boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowfie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whose bodies Rich. murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promise you my Heart is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farr into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.
His Oracion to his Souldiers.
More then I haue said, louing Countrymen,
The leysure and Inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, stand before our Faces,
(Richard except) those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloody Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made meane to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the meane to help him:
A base foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is fallie set:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight against Gods Enemy,
God will in iustice ward you as his Souldiers.
If you do sweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace, the Tyrant being slaine:
If you do fight against your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat shall pay your paines the hyre.
If you do fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranfome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thrive, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint George, Richmond, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

R. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.

King. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King. Hewas in the right, and so indeed it is.

Tell the clocke there. *(Locke strikes.)*

Giue me a Kalender: Who saw the Sunne to day?

Rat. Not I my Lord.

King. Then he disdaines to shine: for by the Booke

He should haue brau'd the East an houre ago,

A blacke day will it be to somebody. *Ratcliffe.*

Rat. My Lord.

King. The Sun will not be seene to day,

The sky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.

I would these dewy teares were from the ground.

Not shine to day? Why, what is that to me

More then to Richmond? For the selfe-same Heauen

That frownes on me, lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.

King. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison my horse.

Call vp Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power,

I will leade forth my Souldiers to the plaine,

And thus my Battell shal be ordred.

My Foreward shall be drawne in length,

Consisting equally of Horfe and Foot:

Our Archers shall be placed in the mid't;

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earle of Surrey,

Shall haue the leading of the Foot and Horfe.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the maine Battell, whose puissance on either side
Shall be well-winged with our cheefest Horfe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'st thou Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,

This found I on my Tent this Morning.

Lockey of Norfolk, be not so bold,

For Dickon thy maister is bought and sold.

King. A thing deuised by the Enemy.

Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,

Let not our babling Dreames affright our soules:

For Conscience is a word that Cowards vse,

Deuis'd at first to keepe the strong in awe,

Our strong armes be our Conscience, Swords our Law.

March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,

If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.

What shall I say more then I haue infer'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withall,

A sort of Vagabonds, Rascals, and Run-awayes,

A scum of Brittaines, and base Lackey Pezants,

Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth

To desperate Aduentures, and assur'd Destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring you to vnrest:

You hauing Lands, and blest with beauteous wiues,

They would restraîne the one, distaine the other,

And who doth leade them, but a paltry Fellow?

Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers cost,

A Milke-sop, one that neuer in his life

Felt so much cold, as ouer shoes in Snow:

Let's whip these straglers o're the Seas againe,

Lash hence these ouer-weening Ragges of France,

These famish'd Beggars, weary of their liues,

Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)

For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,

And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our Fathers

Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,

And on Record, left them the heires of shame.

Shall these enioy our Lands? Iye with our Wiues?

Rauish our daughters? *Drum afarre off.*

Hearke, I heare their Drumme,

Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,

Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,

Spurre your proud Horfes hard, and ride in blood,

Amaze the welkin with your broken stauies.

Enter a Messenger.

What sayes Lord Stanley, will he bring his power?

Mes. My Lord, he doth deny to come.

King. Off with his sonne Georges head.

Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the Marsh:

After the battaille, let George Stanley dye.

King. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our Standards, set vpon our Foes,

Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. George

Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons:

Vpon them, Victorie sits on our helpes.

Alarums, excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Rescue my Lord of Norfolk,

Rescue, Rescue:

The King enacts more wonders then a man,

Daring an opposite to euery danger:

His horfe is slaine, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:

Rescue faire Lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarums.

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Enter